
Title: Beyond The Beauty

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A fair day on a fair
journey to Vesper, I
made my way to the
Museum where the
artifacts of old were.
Dating back from the
Fellowship of the
Armageddon, to Siege
of Trinsic. Memories
flooded me as I walked
into the hall. Only to see
in the corner a sight of
pure joy. It was a light
in which seemed not to
die. Twas Lilyth Noir.
Reading some of the
plaques and brushing off
the dust here and there,
she had a sense of
tending to her that made
a person feel warm and
cozy inside. My eyes were
stuck to her as she
walked around the room.
Words flooded my mind, a
poem of old...

- In dreams I see,
what my heart desires.
The beauty I seek,
consumed by fires.
Burning bright, the truth
be keen,
beyond the beauty, my
heart hath seen. -

Sweet she is, kind and
warm.